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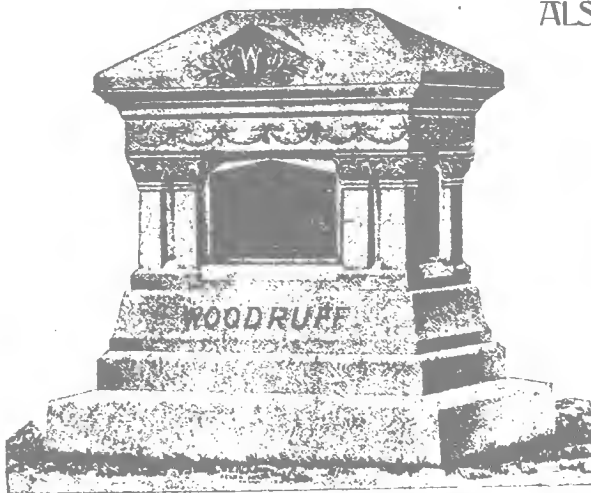
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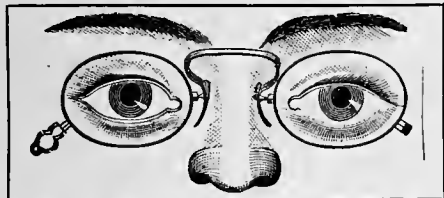
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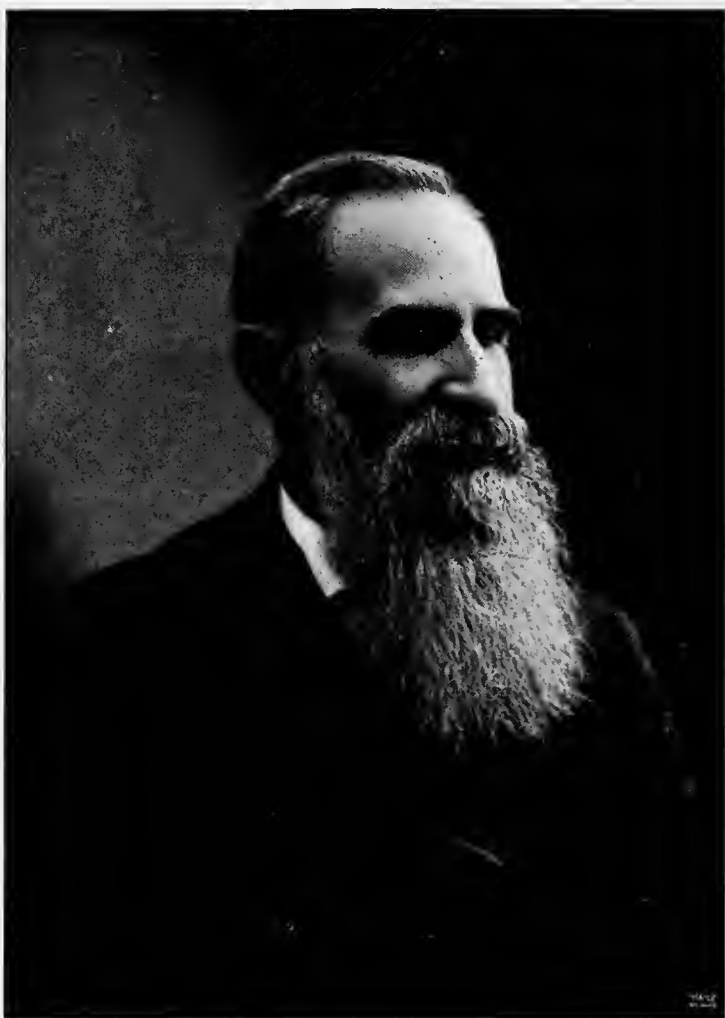
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VOL. XXXVI.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1901.

No. 13.

LIVES OF OUR LEADERS.—THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY.

PRESIDENT GEORGE REYNOLDS.

PRESIDENT GEORGE REYNOLDS was born in Marylebone, London, England, January 1st, 1842. His father, George Reynolds, belonged to Totnes, Devonshire; his mother, originally Miss Julia Ann Tautz, was of German descent.

George's father was a master tailor in the West End of London, and the first that George heard of Mormonism was in a conversation among the workmen who were sitting, «tailor fashion,» cross legged, in a circle round a large, upright gas burner on his father's shopboard.

The men were talking about religion, and much to George's disgust, for he was then very young, probably about seven years old, he heard one of the men laughingly declare that his was no every day religion; he was going up to heaven in a balloon with both ends on fire. This sacrilegious speech drew the child's attention and he listened to what followed. Soon he heard the tailors talking of a young man in America who had discovered, in the ground, some plates which he had translated by the help of the Urim and Thummim. George had been told by some one that the Urim and Thummim mentioned in the Bible had been carried from Jerusalem to Rome by the Roman soldiery and had been

lost in the River Tiber; and he could not understand how these holy things got to America. It never entered his mind that there could be more than one Urim and Thummim.

George spent much of the early portion of his life with his maternal grandmother, that is, his mother's mother. When he was nine years old she lived in a large house, in London, parts of which she rented to two aged maiden ladies. One of these ladies had a little servant maid who was called Mary, though her real name was Sarah White.* Now George was a very timid little boy, he had a terrible fear of the darkness, he disliked the moonlight and was in terror of ghosts. One day he summoned up courage enough to speak to Mary, and the first thing he said was, «Mary, are you afraid of ghosts?» The acquaintance thus strangely begun, ripened into intimacy, and George, who was of a strongly religious nature, began making enquiries as to whether Mary went to church. Learning from her that she did, he obtained his grandma's permission to go with her. She took him to the meetings of the Paddington

* Now the wife of Bishop William Thorne, Seventh Ward, Salt Lake City.

Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and he no sooner heard the principles of the Gospel taught by the Elders than he was satisfied of their truth and wished to be baptized. Then war began. He being so young, the brethren would not baptize him without his parents' consent; and notwithstanding all his pleadings and persuasions they remained firm in their refusal and George had to remain unbaptized for several years.

In the meantime, George, by many childish artifices, used to evade his parents' wishes and now and then attend the meetings and visit the Saints whom he had met. As the years rolled by, the boy, with the feeling then so prevalent in the Church that the coming of the Savior in glory was "nigh, nigh at hand," made an elaborate mathematical calculation that before he was twenty-one years old Christ would come. Consequently, if he had to wait until he was that age before he could be baptized without his parents' consent he would be outside the Church at the time of that glorious appearing and would be damned. So, when fourteen years old he went to another branch of the Church (the Somers Town) where he was not known, and asked for baptism. He was baptized Sunday, May 4th, 1856, and the next Sunday was confirmed by Elder George Teasdale, who was then president of the branch. The Lord in His kindness had given George a testimony of the truth of Mormonism long before he was baptized, for it was not his fault that he had not obeyed this sacred ordinance, or as we sometimes say, the Lord "took the will for the deed."

In the December following his baptism George was ordained a Deacon, and if you were to ask him he would tell you he never magnified any office in the Church as well as he did that one. He took a pride in never being absent from meeting, and in being there the very first to open the doors and prepare the rooms. The next May he was ordained a Priest and sent out, with an older

companion, to preach in the streets of London. He was small of his age, and occasionally some youthful listener about his own age would advise him to get a sheet of brown paper to stand upon so that the people could see him.

The first time he went out, a few days after his ordination as a Priest, his companion was Elder Francis Burrell (long since deceased) who chose that well-known London thoroughfare, the Tottenham Court Road, as the place to hold forth. He borrowed a chair, mounted it and began to talk of the Kingdom of God: That the Kingdom would necessarily have a king, territory, laws and officers. "And here comes one," cried a voice in the crowd. Then a policeman appeared and ordered Brother Burrell to "move on," as no preaching was permitted at that corner. So they moved on. George was not altogether sorry. He used in those days to wear a little round jacket like those we see in the pictures of the boys of Eton and other English public schools. He came to the conclusion that if he bought a coat, he would look more like a man and people would listen to him better. Before the next Sunday he did so, but it was not altogether a success—to use an expression of a facetious friend, "It fitted him like a sentry box, all over and touched nowhere." In plain English it was too large. But it answered its purpose. George felt more of a man in it, and he took great pleasure in bearing his testimony week after week, year after year at the street corners. George's parents soon discovered that he had joined the Church, and then that he was engaged in street preaching. His father used to talk to his customers about the matter. One advised that he tie his son up to the bed post and thrash Mormonism out of him; another that the boy be confined in a lunatic asylum, a third that he be taken before a magistrate and committed to prison; but "in a multitude of counselors there was safety" for George, for his father never adopted any of these harsh measures, and by

degrees became reconciled to the course his son was taking.

George, notwithstanding his youth, soon had numerous duties conferred upon him. He was made secretary of the branch Sunday School; secretary and afterwards president of its tract society; he was appointed an acting teacher, and the secretary of the branch. In August, 1860, he was ordained an Elder, and in May, 1861, he was called into the traveling ministry and appointed to labor in the London conference under the presidency of the late Elder William C. Staines. In 1863 he was changed to the Liverpool office, as emigration clerk to President George Q. Cannon, and later as chief clerk, in which capacity he also served under President Daniel H. Wells. During this time he was made superintendent of the Liverpool Branch Sunday School and afterward President of the branch. In May, 1865, he was released to emigrate to Zion, and reached Salt Lake City July 5th of the same year. His trip to Zion was an unusually quick one for that period, as he did not travel with any regular company of immigrants, but had only two companions—Elders W. S. Godbe and W. H. Shearman. It was the time of the Sioux war, the stage company could not take them, so Brother Godbe purchased an outfit, and after a few adventures, such as being chased by the hostile Indians, they arrived safe in Salt Lake City.

Shortly after his arrival in Salt Lake City, Brother Reynolds secured employment from Brother William Jennings, but before the close of the year he went to work in President Young's office, and soon after became his secretary. His time has been engaged, with brief exceptions, in the employ of the Church from that time to the present.

Soon after his arrival in Utah, Brother Reynolds joined the Territorial Militia—the old Nauvoo Legion. He was a lieutenant in the third regiment of infantry, and secretary of the regiment. In the former capacity he commanded Company H at the famous

Wooden Gun Rebellion, in November, 1870, but, unlike most of the other officers, he was not arrested and sent to Camp Douglas.

In February, 1869, Elder Reynolds was elected by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory a member of the board of regency of the University of Deseret, and was again elected to that office by the next and later legislatures.

In May, 1871, Brother Reynolds returned to Europe, he having been called to assist Elder Albert Carrington in the editorship of the *Millennial Star*. In the following September President Carrington was called back to Zion on account of complications growing out of legal persecutions, and Elder Reynolds was left in charge of the spiritual concerns of the European Mission. Shortly before this he had suffered a severe attack of smallpox, and on President Carrington's return to Liverpool, in May, 1872, Brother Reynolds was released to return home, as his health remained quite poor.

Soon after his return he was placed by President Brigham Young first as treasurer and afterwards as manager of the Salt Lake Theatre. He later, in connection with W. T. Harris, became lessee of that well-known place of amusement.

From 1875 to July, 1879, Brother Reynolds sat as a member of the municipal council of Salt Lake City.

In the fall of 1874, when Judge McKean was chief justice of Utah, strong efforts were made to find indictments, under the Congressional law of 1862 against polygamy, and the arrest of a number of the leading authorities of the Church was threatened. The Latter-day Saints, believing this law to be unconstitutional, and that it would be so declared by the Supreme Court of the United States, the representatives of the Church agreed to furnish a test case. This idea the federal officers readily accepted and agreed to give the accused a fair trial so that the constitutionality of the law could be decided. Brother Reynolds was chosen to stand in the gap. He

furnished the witnesses and testimony to the grand jury, and on October 23, that body found a true bill against him. On March 31, 1875, his trial before Judge Emerson commenced. It lasted two days. He was found guilty and sentenced to one year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of three hundred dollars. He appealed to the Supreme Court of the territory, who set the indictment aside on the ground of the illegality of the grand jury who found it. On October 30 another indictment was found against him, and on December 9 his second trial commenced, this time before Chief Justice White. The jury returned a verdict of guilty and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labor and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars.

An appeal to the Territorial Supreme Court was again taken. The case came up June 13, 1876, and the decision of the lower court was unanimously sustained. An appeal was then taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, but the case was not called up until November 14, 1878. On January 6, 1879, Chief Justice Waite delivered the decision of the court confirming the decisions of the lower courts; the hard labor clause being eliminated by the Supreme Court as being in excess of the law. The corrected sentence was pronounced by the district court on June 14, 1879, and on the 16th Brother Reynolds started, in charge of two deputy marshals, for the Nebraska State penitentiary at Lincoln. There he was shaved, had his hair cropped close, was dressed in the broad blue and white stripes, and became known as U. S. Prisoner, No. 14. He was appointed bookkeeper in the knitting department.

The Lincoln penitentiary was then carried on under the silent system. No prisoner was allowed to speak outside the cells. There were two prisoners in each cell; Brother Reynolds' cell mate was a party by the name of Johnson, convicted of burglary. When the prisoners left their cells for the work

shops they always walked in the lock step. His right hand used to be on the shoulder of a murderer, while the burglar had his right hand on Brother Reynolds. He only remained in Lincoln twenty-five days—very long ones to him—when he was brought back to Utah and placed in the Territorial penitentiary.

In those days things were pretty rough at that institution, its regulations were very primitive, and vermin was abundant. There were no cells. Brother Reynolds was placed in one of the iron cages which were contained in a thin lumber building and had Brother Lorenzo Colton as his companion. A new bunk house was shortly after built. Into it Brother Reynolds was transferred. It was made of two-by-four green lumber. There was a crack every two inches through which the winter winds blew. No fire was permitted for fear the prisoners might burn it down. The thermometer is said to have gone down to thirty degrees below zero, and how some of the prisoners who had only one shoddy blanket to cover them escaped being frozen to death is a mystery. Brother Reynolds was supplied with plenty of bed clothing by his friends, but he generally went to bed with all his clothes on and a woolen comforter wrapped around his head. In the morning his beard would be one solid mass of ice. More bed clothing only added to the weight, it did not increase the warmth. He was released on January 20, 1881, having served his full time, less his good conduct allowance.

While in prison Brother Reynolds did a great deal of writing in the prison yard, and for some time taught a school composed of prisoners.

Ever since his arrival in Utah, Elder Reynolds has taken an active interest in Sunday Schools. In 1867 he was secretary of the Eight Ward, (Salt Lake City,) Sunday School and the teacher of the boys' Bible class. Having removed his residence to the Twentieth Ward, he became, in 1868, librarian and a teacher in its Sunday School, and in Decem-

ber, 1869, was chosen its superintendent. This position he retained (with the exception of the periods of his absence on his mission and during his imprisonment) until the spring of 1885. Brother Reynolds is now the oldest member of the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union. He has been the general treasurer of the Union since February, 1876—more than a quarter of a century. At the Sunday School Convention held last November he was chosen second assistant general superintendent, and at the reorganization of the superintendency a few weeks ago, owing to the deaths of Superintendents Cannon and Maeser, he was appointed first assistant general superintendent. Brother Reynolds has been a very diligent and zealous worker in the Sunday School Union—especially as the chairman of several standing committees of its Board.

On March 18, 1866, Elder Reynolds was ordained a Seventy by Elder Israel Barlow, and received into the sixth quorum. In December, 1875, he was transferred to the twenty-fourth quorum and became a member of the council of that quorum. At the April conference, 1890, he was sustained as one of the first seven presidents of the Seventy. He was set apart to that position by the Twelve Apostles, President Lorenzo Snow being mouth, on the 10th of the same month.

Brother Reynolds has done much literary work in connection with the publications of

the Church. At times he has acted as an associate editor on the *Deseret News*, and also as assistant to President Cannon on the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, of which latter periodical he is today one of the associate editors. He has also written a number of books, of which the best known are his «Story» and his «Dictionary of the Book of Mormon.» For twenty-one years he has been engaged in the preparation of a «Concordance of the Book of Mormon.» This is a work the magnitude of which few, who have not undertaken something similar, can understand. Its publication has been retarded by unexpected difficulties, but it is now in the hands of the printer.

Besides the callings he has held in the Church and in connection with its auxiliary organizations, the subject of this sketch has occupied a number of positions in the business community, for instance, as a director of Z. C. M. I., of Zion's Savings Bank, of the Deseret Telegraph Line, etc., etc. He is a strong believer in the divinity of the United Order, and at the time President Brigham Young was seeking to establish it among the Saints, Brother Reynolds was an officer in the original order, No. 1, and of the local organization where he resided.

Elder Reynolds is a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

T. Z.



THE LEARNED BURRO.

THE burro, as the Mexicans call the diminutive jacks of this country, are a very important factor in the prosperity of the country. In the interior, and especially in the mountain districts, they constitute the freight trains; and the wiry,

sure-footed little beasts may be seen winding their way along narrow paths that overlook dangerous chasms, with loads so large that it is a marvel that they are able to maintain their equilibrium. In the cities and towns he is converted into a sort of portable shop, be-

ing driven from one point to another that the owner may find customers for his wares.

The burro is also used as a riding animal, his sleek, well-rounded body and ambling gait making the exercise as nearly like a rocking chair as riding can be. Without saddle or bridle, feet nearly dragging the ground, and often a club to direct and hasten the movements, a big Mexican can be seen almost any time, ambling about in the sleepy, purposeless fashion, that seems to be both hereditary and universal.

This animal, like the Irish goat, is said to pick up his living where the more aristocratic horse would die of famine. His appearance when abused is almost repulsive, he becomes so ragged and beggarly, but the sleek, well-fed burro is a comely animal whose look of meek wisdom is provoking.

With this short sketch about the burro in general, I want to tell you of a particular animal for whose biographical sketch I am indebted to a gentleman who was a member of the United Order that was once established in Brigham City on the Little Colorado, Arizona, and where the occurrence took place.

In common with all other property the riding animals of the community belonged as much to one as another, and as you may readily understand, had rather a hard time of it among a lot of healthy, energetic, thoughtless boys. It was all in vain that older men scolded and forbade. The riding horses in the common pasture, while «never used» were always looking as though they had seen hard service, and it became a source of constant irritation between the older and younger members of the community.

«Uncle» Edmond had been absent on an Indian mission, and on returning brought a large, well-favored burro with him, that he had purchased from the Navajoes. He saw the boys eyeing him with looks of approval, and divining what was in their minds, told them that he did not want them to ride the animal at all, as his business would require him to go to other towns from time to time,

and that he must have something to ride that could make the journey.

The boys smiled approvingly at him for the new and ingenuous reason he had advanced for keeping a good riding animal all to himself, but the good-natured smile had not the shadow of conviction or obedience in it. The boys followed him down to the pasture, commenting on the really fine animal of its kind, and sat on the fence while he took off its bridle preparatory to turning it loose. They laughed aloud when putting his hand under its chin he tipped up the sedate face till he could look into the meek eyes, and said, «See here, Burro, these boys here are all going to try to get a chance to ride you. I will watch and look after you as well as I can, but if they try to ride you when I am not around, throw them off. They abuse horses and burros and don't know how to treat them, and as they have been forbidden, I don't care much how hard you throw them.»

This was something just to the boys' taste. They felt as though Uncle Edmond, to whom they really were quite partial, had in a manner challenged them.

Several days passed before they managed to elude the vigilant eyes that were keeping guard of the new animal. But where is the man who was ever a match for a crowd of boys on mischief bent? One evening when the moon shone bright, and Uncle Edmond was at an important meeting, a deputation of boys led the burro in triumph out of the place where it had been nightly stabled. They walked softly out of the town to a big vacant lot, where they went inside and put up the bars.

The agreement between them was that each one should ride it around the lot, and they would then return it to the stable, and see if Uncle Edmond would be any the wiser. The rope with which it had been tied to the stall was still around its neck, and it had followed them with meek and placid patience, and as saddle and bridle are not necessary adjuncts to burro riding, and mere luxuries

the boys did not affect even when riding horses, the largest boy gathered up the loose end of the rope in his hand and vaulted lightly and confidently onto the animal, whose back he had scarcely touched when he measured his length on the ground. Of course he was mad, and the other boys all laughed at him because he had been thrown off so easily, but he was going to try it again. This time he was on his guard and the burro had to do some really scientific bucking before it got him off; but off he came, and so hard was the fall that he was content for some of the other boys to make the next attempt. One after another they mounted the burro only to be thrown, and some of them thought themselves quite expert in bronco riding too.

There had been a good deal of joking among the boys about what Uncle Edmond had told his burro to do, but as they led the animal back to the stable they discussed the question with more seriousness, and some faint credence as to the possibility of the burro having understood.

The next day Uncle Edmond was seen riding through the town on the now famous animal. The boys were so bewildered and nonplussed at the result of their escapade that they could not keep quiet, and all the boys in town had heard the story, and it had reached Uncle Edmond's ears. He was thoroughly enjoying the joke while pretending to know nothing about it.

The boys were not defeated by the loss of one battle, but over and over again did they make the attempt, until every boy large enough to make the attempt had taken a tumble.

One day Uncle Edmond was getting ready to go off somewhere and was rubbing down the burro, preparatory to saddling him. Several boys were looking on, and one of them ventured to enquire if it was a fact that the burro really understood what was said to it, or if he would not let anyone but its owner ride it.

"Have you boys been trying to ride my

burro?" asked Uncle Edmond with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Yes," said the boy, "every boy in town has tried it and have all had a good tumble. Charley Black says his back is lame yet. Now tell us why it won't let anyone but you ride."

"Yes, but it will let others ride besides me, if I tell it to. Now you come here and try it. I will tell it to let you ride and there will be no more bucking than there is when I get on."

The boy looked dubious, and as he was another who had taken a hard tumble and still felt the effects of it, he was slow to accept the invitation; however, after repeated assurances he approached.

Uncle Edmond said to the burro very earnestly, "You may let this boy ride and don't throw him off. He is a good boy and a friend of mine." Then he helped the boy up, put the bridle in his hand, and off he went around the block and down where most of the boys were at work clearing a piece of new land, that they might behold him, and when he told them how it happened that it did not throw him off, there was more commenting and many opinions.

From that time forth it was known as the "Educated Burro," and several of the boys tried to train other burros and their saddle horses along the same lines, with indifferent success as to spoken language, but it had given a healthy bent to their energies and aspirations, and made them more kind and patient with their animals.

Uncle Edmond faithfully kept the secret of the burro's obedience, and the boys never did learn it. In consequence he always had one animal that could be counted on to ride, and it escaped the hard-worked fate of the other community animals; but I am going to tell the secret to the boys and girls who read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

The burro had been broken to ride with a bridle and never bucked when the bit was in its mouth. When Uncle Edmond rode he always put on the bridle, and on the few occa-

sions on which he had permitted the boys to ride, he had bridled the animal while explaining that that particular boy had permission to ride. The boys had entirely overlooked this trifling circumstance; and many of the

mysterious and perplexing things we meet in life would be perfectly plain and transparent if some such simple key were applied.

Ellen Jakeman.



THE DROWNING OF PRESIDENT SNOW.

IN 1863 several of the native Elders on the Sandwich Islands preferred a charge against Walter M. Gibson who had assumed the presidency of that mission, alleging that he had defrauded the native Saints, and was teaching strange and false doctrine, etc. These representations coming to the notice of President Brigham Young, he called Apostles Ezra T. Benson and Lorenzo Snow, and Elders Joseph F. Smith, Alma L. Smith, and myself to go to the Islands, investigate the charges, and set the mission in order.

We left Salt Lake City March 5th, 1864, The journey overland and across the sea was full of interesting incidents. We arrived in Honolulu on Sunday morning, March 27th. Not knowing in what condition we should find the Saints after an absence of over seven years, it was decided that Brother Joseph F. and I should go on shore and learn what we could, and on our return report to the Apostles who remained on board.

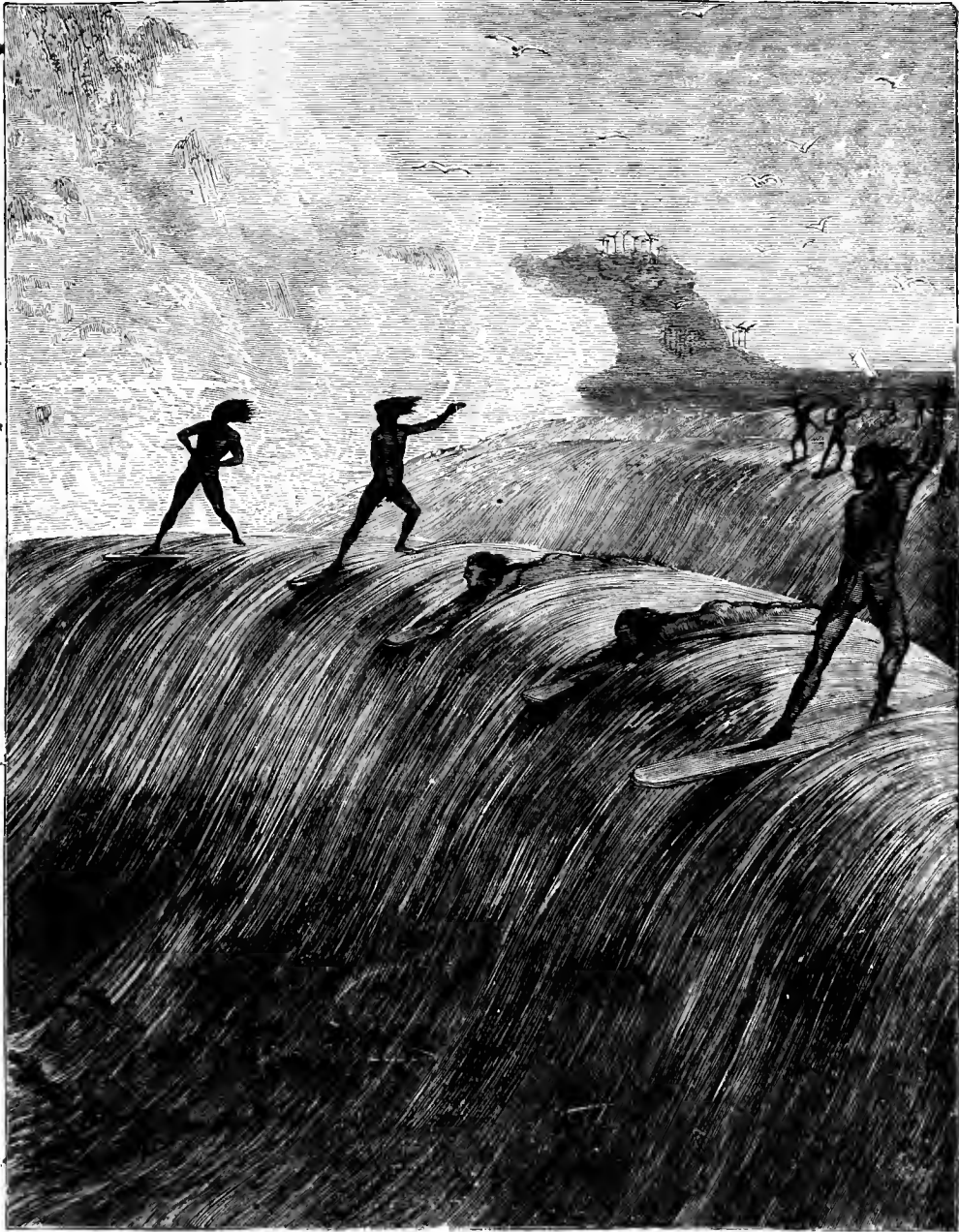
It being Sunday and about the usual hour for meeting, we decided to go to the meeting house. On entering we took seats near the entrance, finding several natives already there. The presence of two white men soon attracted their attention; they looked at us, then at each other, and presently we heard them say in a subdued voice: «Ka ha ha, O Iosepa a me Wiliama, ka,» (Why, it is really Joseph and William, sure.) Observing that they had recognized us, we went forward and saluted them with «Aloha Oukou.» They were very pleased to see us, and welcomed us

back warmly, saying they had often prayed for our return to them. The news of our arrival quickly spread. Many soon gathered and we held meeting with them, and they greatly rejoiced. After the meeting we returned to the vessel, accompanied by a number of the Saints.

On the 29th we sailed for the island of Maui, on the schooner *Nettie Merrill*, Captain Fisher. Early on the morning of the 31st we cast anchor in the roads off the town of Lahaina. The two Apostles, Alma L. Smith, Captain Fisher and myself started for shore in the first boat. As we neared the reef separating the outer from the inner harbor I observed that the swells were gradually rising higher and I called the captain's attention to the fact, remarking that I feared there was a heavy surf on the reef, and suggesting whether it would not be better to bear down and run in under the jetty or breakwater. Having frequently passed in and out of that harbor while on my former mission, I realized the danger of attempting to cross over the reef when heavy swells from the sea were rolling in; for at such times when they reach the shallow water over the reef they are forced up to a great height and break and roll over like a mighty cataract, with the likelihood of swamping any boat if not dashing it to pieces. The captain, however, replied that he did not think there was any danger, and continued on his course. We had not proceeded a hundred yards after this remark when a huge swell caught us

raising the stern of our boat to an angle of thirty degrees, carrying us with it at a great speed for a distance of fifty yards. That swell then passed on, and the next one, which was still higher, caught us as we were

almost directly over the reef. The stern of the boat was now raised so high on the crest of the swell that the steersman's oar could not reach the water at all, and as a result the boat swung around just as the great



SURF BATHING BY THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS.

swell commenced to break, and we were instantly capsized in the midst of the foaming, seething breakers. As the boat was going over, a pile of empty barrels, on which Brother Alma and I had been sitting, commenced to roll from under us, and fearing that one of these or the boat might strike and stun me, I turned and dived head foremost into the dashing and angry water. After swimming some distance below the surface I came to the top, and saw the boat whirling around bottom side up, with empty barrels, hats and umbrellas all around me. I swam to the boat, but not being able to get a firm hold on the smooth bottom, I reached under and clutched the band of the gunwale. Presently Apostle Benson came to the surface near the bow of the boat which he also tried to take hold of, but not being able to hold on, he went under again. He was a fleshy man and soon popped up like a cork. Being on the same side and near me I told him to reach under and get hold of the band as I had done, which he readily did.

By this time we had drifted in a little distance, to where the water was not so turbulent. A little later Brother Alma came up on the opposite side of the boat, considerably strangled. Notwithstanding the roar of the breakers we succeeded in making him hear, and he also managed to secure a hold on the band under the edge of the boat.

People on the shore having seen us capsize quickly launched a boat and came out to our rescue. Apostle Snow and Captain Fisher had not yet come to the surface. The five native boatmen were swimming and diving in every direction in search of them. Finally one of them found the captain lying on the bottom, he having drifted about one hundred yards towards the shore. The native brought him to the surface apparently lifeless. He had \$400 in silver in a canvas bag to which he clung with a death grip, which kept him under. Two of the natives, one on either side, kept him on the surface until picked up by a boat from shore. The first boat that came out took

Apostle Benson, A. L. Smith and myself in and then wanted to go and pick up the captain. We told them that one of our friends was still missing and we did not want to leave as long as there was any hope of saving him. Just then we saw a second boat coming out from shore, and we told our rescuers that that boat would reach the captain as soon as they could. Then they consented to remain with us and assist in the search for Brother Snow. The Hawaiians are expert divers and swimmers, and six or eight of them were now swimming and diving in every direction in eager search for him, and we were anxiously watching their every movement. Finally I saw a native swimming towards us, dragging him through the water. Swinging our boat around, we reached out and lifted his body, cold and stiff in death, into the boat, placing it across the knees of Brother Alma and myself, face down. We then told the crew to take us ashore with all possible speed. Lying on the sandy beach, a few yards from the water's edge, there happened to be a number of large, empty barrels, and on one of these we laid the body, rolling it backward and forward, allowing the head each time to go down to the ground, by which means the water, of which there seemed to be not less than a gallon, passed freely from the mouth. We washed the sand out of his mouth, eyes and hair with fresh water. A Mr. Adams, a Portugese merchant of the town, came and rendered all the assistance he could. We rubbed his chest and arms with camphor; frequently holding him upright, then rolling him again on the barrel until we were satisfied all the water was out of his body; we also continued rubbing and working his arms up and down. Finally Mr. Adams said: «Mr. Cluff, we have done all that can be done, it is impossible to save your friend.» and, looking at his watch, said, «It is now over twenty minutes since I saw you capsize in the surf, and it is impossible to restore him to life; you had better take the body up and lay it on my

veranda in the shade until you decide what disposition you will make of it.» I could not think the Lord would permit His faithful servant to die on these far off isles of the sea, away from his home and family and dear friends. These feelings, inspired of faith, stimulated me to still continue my efforts for his recovery, and with these desires the thought occurred to me to place my mouth over his and blow my breath with all the force I could into his lungs. This I repeated several times. Then after blowing my breath in I sucked it out again, imitating in this way the act or operation of breathing. While I did this the body rested in a sitting position on the sand and was held in an upright position by our Portuguese friend. After continuing this operation of vicarious breathing for some time, I noticed a faint rattle low down in his throat; this gave me great hope and encouragement. I continued my efforts with still further favorable results, the rattle in the throat becoming more and more distinct, until finally it resembled a faint moan, and then it was like a person in a troubled dream or nightmare. Interspersed with blowing my breath into his lungs, I rubbed his bare breast hard with my warm hands. These operations seemed to stimulate his congested lungs and set them in operation. But the struggle was most agonizing. He was now like a person who was delirious and in great agony. I felt that consciousness was almost restored, and I talked to him. He faintly said, «My God!» Then his agonizing groans were distressing to me. I called him by name, and asked if he did not know me? In

broken accents he said, «Yes, Brother William, I knew you would not forsake me.» The sensation and feelings I then had can never be expressed by mortal tongue or pen.

Our good Portuguese friend kindly invited us to take Brother Snow up to his home, which kind offer we thankfully accepted. His good wife, a native Hawaiian woman, made him a cup of warm tea, which seemed very much to revive him. She made him a bed on the mats where a cool, refreshing breeze was passing through the room. He was very weak, but recovered rapidly under the kind treatment bestowed. As soon as we felt he was out of danger, it was decided that I should return to the vessel and acquaint Brother Joseph F. Smith with what had taken place since we left him in the morning. As I neared the ship he was leaning against the bulwarks anxiously watching for some message from us. I climbed up the rope ladder and jumped down on the deck. He silently took me by the hand; neither spoke for some time, being filled with deep emotion. He had watched us from the vessel enter the surf and feared that all were lost. Finally I said, «Brother Joseph, we have had a very narrow escape, but thanks to the Lord, we were all miraculously saved.» I then related all the particulars in Brother Snow's case.

The hours intervening between our starting for the shore and my return to the vessel were anxious and long hours to Brother Joseph F., and the message I bore was a happy relief to him.

W. W. Cluff.



STREET PREACHING IN LONDON.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 332.)

THE mere mention of this name—Joseph Smith—to the average audience gathered on the streets of London, is

generally the signal for a distinct and perceptible change to come over our meeting.

Frequently a number of those who up to

this time have been respectful and attentive, now become restless and either immediately move away as if suddenly remembering an important engagement, or remain to scoff and if possible break up our meeting in confusion.

A few, perhaps, noticing the earnestness of the speaker, and his logical, persuasive style, will become still more curious and draw nearer to catch every word, but usually the reverse is the case.

One of the strongest evidences to me that Joseph Smith was truly and verily a prophet of God was to note the effect his name had upon the minds and actions of the people when we testified that the Lord had chosen him as the honored instrument to restore the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the earth in this our day.

We could mention with perfect safety every apostle or prophet in the Old or New Testament, could name every statesman or reformer in ancient or modern times, and in no instance was there any special objection to our views or statements.

The name of Joseph Smith, however, could not be tolerated. It seemed invariably to awaken either abject fear or active opposition.

One instance illustrative of this I will mention. We had taken our stand on this particular evening on the banks of the Thames, in Pimlico, and after the usual preliminary difficulties had finally succeeded in securing a good-sized audience. My companion had just ceased speaking, and I was briefly reviewing his remarks with the intention, of course, of leading up to a consideration of the general apostasy from the true faith and the restoration of the Gospel through an angel, etc. I had not been speaking but a few minutes when I noticed a man whose dress and appearance indicated he belonged to the common working class, pushing, rather roughly, his way through the crowd with very little regard for the feelings or safety of those who were in his path. As

he approached to the front I could see that he was under the influence of liquor, and accordingly fully expected his special mission was to create a disturbance and perhaps to break up our meeting.

To my great surprise and satisfaction, however, he appeared to be extremely friendly, and whenever I quoted scripture to prove our doctrine, he kindly volunteered to assure the audience that my quotation was correct, and that what I had said was just right. It was quite clear that this man, like many of the «common» people of Britain, was well versed in Scripture, even though his intoxicated condition did not comport with what he was supposed to have learned.

As he leaned heavily upon the shoulders of those who were unfortunately in front of him, he continued to say, loud enough for everybody to hear: «That's right, young fellow»—«That's true»—«Correct again»—«That's true, pardner»—«God bless you,» and so on.

This verbal and friendly endorsement of my remarks continued at intervals of about thirty seconds for nearly half an hour. He readily sanctioned all the proofs adduced to show that faith alone could never save a person. He seconded my appeal for the people to truly repent of their sins, and heartily endorsed all that I said about baptism. Even my method of exploding the popular notion concerning the «thief on the cross» met with his unqualified approval, while the passages quoted to sustain the claim of a general apostasy having taken place was likewise entirely satisfactory. I almost began to think that I had made a convert; but soon, alas! changed my opinion.

Having systematically paved the way and designedly prepared the minds of the people for the special message we had to bear, I then testified to the restoration of the Gospel through the prophet—Joseph Smith. Oh, what a change comes over the scene from this moment! Many of those in our

audience became uneasy and restless at this point, as usual, while my tipsy friend who had so repeatedly asked the benediction of God upon my head, now seemed to sober up as if touched by an electric wire, and turning half around, with an expression of surprise and disgust said: «Why, he's a d—d Mormon! Let's throw him in the river.»

It will doubtless be quite unnecessary to point out to the reader the moral of this incident, which is only a fair sample of a great many which could be cited, and which go to make up the experience of a Mormon missionary.

In the majority of cases street preaching impresses the missionary as being very serious business, and the initial steps are usually so difficult, that only a high regard for duty and a realizing sense of the important message he has to bear to the people induces the young Elder to make the effort.

But notwithstanding the gravity and seriousness of the work, even street preaching has its humorous side, though it is seldom discovered or appreciated at the time. A case in point:

A company of Elders fresh from home having arrived in Liverpool the day previous, three or four of those appointed to the London conference reached our office on Sunday, and were quickly escorted to the various meeting places. After evening service, President Ballard appointed each of the newly arrived brethren to accompany one of the «old hands;» and thus divided into twos, we scattered in different directions to hold our regular street meetings.

Our stand on this occasion was near the reservoir opposite Penton Street, Pentonville Road—a place familiar to all London missionaries.

Realizing that my companion, Brother Payne, had been in the country only a few hours, and therefore knew nothing at this time about our outdoor meetings or the conditions we would have to meet, I felt it necessary to explain that if I spoke first

and secured the congregation he would be obliged to do most of the preaching afterwards, as my voice by that time would not be strong enough to continue. Twenty or thirty minutes' speaking in the open air proved to be quite a physical strain as it was necessary to speak very loud in order to be heard above the din and roar of the endless traffic on the streets. It was a common failing with nearly every Elder who attempted street preaching for the first time to pitch his voice altogether too low. This was simply a waste of time and effort, because the end sought was not accomplished. Half an hour's preaching in an ordinary tone would usually leave us where we commenced—talking to the wind. I was therefore very anxious and particular to impress upon my companion who, though willing and full of zeal, felt far from comfortable about this time, that if he should decide to speak first, as I had given him his choice, he must be sure to speak as loud as possible.

I reminded him of this several times, remembering my experience in the past, and told him it did not matter so much what he said at first, when no one was paying any attention—the prime object being to gather a few around him and hold them until the numbers increased. Brother Payne modestly thought he was not competent to address a congregation without more experience, and concluded he would speak first, and do his best towards getting the audience. Assuring him of my faith and prayers, and once more reminding him to «speak up,» we took off our hats, and while I was silently praying for my brother in distress, he commenced speaking. I shall never forget it.

In a shrill but powerful voice that almost took away my breath and startled everybody within a radius of fifteen or twenty rods on all sides, he invited the people to «come this way.»

His earnest gestures with hat held high up in the air and his piercing voice so alarmed the neighborhood that I could see them run-

ning from every quarter. Those who had passed now turned back, passengers on the omnibuses eagerly crooked their necks while driving past to ascertain what was the matter and a procession of people headed by a policeman were coming towards us. This occurred so quickly and was so entirely unexpected, that for a moment I was too dazed to realize the situation. In less than three minutes we had a crowd of several hundred, and though many of course soon wandered off, we held an excellent meeting.

When I was set apart in this city previous to leaving for my mission, we were all instructed that "these were days of warning." Our mission was to "warn" the people and to

preach the Gospel in plainness and leave the rest with God. These out door meetings afforded excellent opportunity to "warn" the people, to hear our testimony, and thus leave them without excuse for rejecting the truth when presented. There is nothing in life that gives such exquisite pleasure and joy as a testimony of the truth and the privilege of bearing that testimony to the world. To borrow an expression of Brother George Osborn, I will say for the encouragement of young men in Zion, prepare yourselves: "There is only one thing in the world that is better than going on a mission, and that is to return home when honorably released."

N. Y. Schofield.



HISTORY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Paul's Opening Address—Ananias Commands Him to be Smitten—Paul Rebukes the High Priest—His Submission to Authority—The Apostle Rescued by the Roman Guard—Paul's Vision—The Jews Conspire to Kill Him—Paul taken to Felix—The Roman Captain's Official Letter—Examination before Felix—The Charges—Paul's Defense—Postponement of the Trial.

THE council before which Paul was brought, was presided over by Ananias, the high priest. In commencing to plead his cause the Apostle said, "Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day." No sooner had these words escaped his lips than Ananias commanded some of the men, who were standing by, to smite Paul on the mouth. This somewhat angered the apostle, and

looking on the high priest, he said, "God will smite thee, thou whited wall:* for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?"† Some of the members of the council asked the prisoner how he dared thus revile the high priest, and Paul, apologizing, answered that he was not aware that Ananias was the high priest, for he had been taught not to speak evil of the ruler of his people.

Perceiving the assemblage was composed about one half of Sadducees, and the other half Pharisees, Paul cried out, "Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee: of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question."‡ These words

* Ananias was killed during the Jewish war with the Romans.

† Acts xxiii: 3.

‡ Acts xxiii: 6.

caused quite a dissension between the two parties, for the Sadducees did not believe in the resurrection, nor in the existence of angels or spirits, but the Pharisees believed in both. Quite a tumult arose, and the chief captain, fearing that Paul would be killed, commanded the soldiers to go down and bring him up to the castle.

The following night the Lord appeared to Paul in a vision and comforted him with these words: «Be of good cheer, Paul: for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome.»

The next morning a mob of forty Jews banded themselves together and took on oath that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul. They went to the chief priests and elders and told them of their murderous intent. They asked them to see the council and have instructions given to the chief captain to have Paul brought before that tribunal the next day. Their plan was to lay in wait for him and kill him.

Hearing of this murderous plot, Paul's sister's son went to the castle and informed his uncle of the fate which awaited him. As soon as Paul heard the news he called one of the officers and told him to take the young man to the chief captain. To this man Paul's nephew revealed the secret conspiracy which the Jews had entered into, and besought him not to take Paul down to the council. The captain instructed the young man not to inform anyone of his visit to him. He then gave an order for four hundred and seventy soldiers to get ready and escort Paul in safety unto Felix the Roman governor.

To Felix the chief captain addressed the following letter:

*Claudius Lysias unto the most excellent governor
Felix sendeth greeting:*

This man was taken of the Jews, and should have been killed of them: then came I with an army, and rescued him, having understood that he was a Roman. And when I would have known the cause wherefore they accused him, I brought him forth into their council: whom I perceived

to be accused of questions of their law, but to have nothing laid to his charge worthy of death or of bonds. And when it was told me how that the Jews laid wait for the man, I sent straightway to thee, and gave commandment to his accusers also to say before thee what they had against him. Farewell.*

The Apostle was conducted by the soldiers to Cæsarea and presented to the governor, who, when he had read the letter, inquired of Paul what province he belonged to, and having been told that he was of Cilicia he stated that he would hear his case when his accusers were brought down. He gave instructions for Paul to be kept in Herod's judgment hall.

At the end of five days, Ananias the high priest, and certain members of the sanhedrim, appeared before Felix. They had brought with them a lawyer named Tertullus who presented the charges against Paul. The prisoner was summoned and was charged with three offenses. The first of these was with having caused disturbances among all the Jews throughout the empire. Secondly, with having been a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes, and thirdly, with attempting to profane the temple at Jerusalem. The lawyer informed the governor that the chief captain had forcibly taken the prisoner away when the Jews were about to judge him by their own religious law, and had thus improperly brought the matter before Felix. They thought by this representation to persuade Felix to turn Paul over to the Jewish courts, in which case his death would have been easily accomplished. A number of Jews present testified to the truth of the charges of which the lawyer had accused Paul.

When the plaintiff's case had been presented the governor granted Paul permission to speak in his own defense. The Apostle after briefly expressing his satisfaction that he had to plead his cause before one so well acquainted with Jewish customs, refuted Tertullus step

* Acts xxiii: 26-30.

by step. He said that on his recent visit to Jerusalem at the festival (and he added that it was only «twelve days» since he had left Cæsarea for that purpose,) he had caused no disturbance in any part of Jerusalem; that, as to heresy, he had never swerved from his belief, in the law and the prophets, and that in conformity with that belief, he held the doctrine of the resurrection, and sought to live conscientiously before the God of his fathers; and as to the temple, so far from profaning it he had been found in it deliberately observing the very strictest ceremonies. The

Asiatic Jews, he added, who had been his first accusers ought to have been present as witnesses now. Those who were present knew full well that no other charge was brought home to him before the sanhedrim, except what related to the belief that he held in common with the Pharisees.

When Felix had heard Paul's defense he said he would not give any decision until Lysias the chief captain came down. He told the centurion to take charge of Paul, to let him have liberty, and not to forbid any of his acquaintances to minister unto him.



ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

QUESTION: Should Sunday School teachers be released when they are called to home missionary labor or to the stake superintendency?

Answer: Undoubtedly they should be released when appointed to act in the stake superintendency, but no general rule can be laid down with regard to those called to home missionary appointments. The important question is, will the two callings interfere one with the other? If not, a Sunday School teacher need not resign his position in the school when he is made a home missionary.

Question: If a Sunday School superintendent is called on a mission should his place be filled in his absence?

Answer: This is one of those questions regarding which no general answer can be given. The Spirit of the Lord is the best guide in such cases. Let the Bishop of the ward and the stake superintendent confer together on the question, and their decision

will no doubt be the correct one, as it is their privilege to know the mind of the Lord on all such matters.

Question: Where a brother who is a Priest is an assistant superintendent in the Sunday School, is it necessary that he be ordained to the higher Priesthood before he can assist in setting Sunday School teachers apart?

Answer: As the setting apart of a Sunday School teacher confers no Priesthood, we see no reason why an assistant superintendent, who holds the office of a Priest after the order of Aaron, should not assist in setting a teacher apart. In so doing he is conferring no power which he himself does not possess.

Question: Inasmuch as the Jubilee held December, 1899, closed the labors of the Sunday School workers for fifty years, would it not be well to recommend to all schools the propriety of having a record opened containing the names of the officers and teachers, the dates of their appointments, releases, etc., dating from the close of the fifty years,

and then continue keeping a complete record of these items?

Answer: We deem the above suggestion a

very good one, and would be pleased to see it carried out.



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

CENTENARY OF PRESIDENT HEBER C. KIMBALL.

ONE hundred years ago on June 14th, President Heber C. Kimball was born. What marvelous changes those one hundred years have made! His earlier years were the days of the old flint-lock musket and the tinder box, of the sickle and the flail, the tallow dip and the spinning wheel. Then nothing was known of the use of steam or electricity, there were no telegraphs, or telephones, or photographs, or sewing machines. Within the century the population of the world has doubled, and man's capacity for work increased one hundred fold, in some directions perhaps it would not be far from the truth to say a thousand fold. At that time the world advanced at a comfortable jog trot pace, today we are rushing along at lightning speed.

Then how wonderfully science has advanced! A century ago we knew comparatively little of our own little earth, today we weigh the planets as they revolve in their orbits, and analyze the elements of which the suns are composed. Nothing, but how to prolong this mortal life for ever, seems beyond the reach of the sons of men.

Then how different are our ideas of religion! In those days men were frightened into being good and doing right by the terrors of hell fire; nowadays «the devil is a myth, and hell is abolished.» In some respects in religious matters there has been simply change and not progress, and that change has not always been in the right direction. It is very questionable if men are not farther from God in 1901 than they were a hundred years

ago. But in certain directions true progress has been made religiously, and men can, if they will, learn God's laws and keep His commandments in a way that was impossible when



PRESIDENT HEBER C. KIMBALL.

Heber C. Kimball was born; and to him, and his associates in the Holy Priesthood, the world is indebted, under God, for the vast change, the wonderful progress that has been made in true religion.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JULY 1, 1901.

OFFICERS OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION:

Lorenzo Snow, General Superintendent
George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent
J. M. Tanner, Second Asst. General Superintendent

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD:

Lorenzo Snow	Joseph F. Smith
George Reynolds	John W. Taylor
Thomas C. Griggs	L. John Nuttall
Joseph W. Summerhays	James W. Ure
Levi W. Richards	John F. Beunett
Francis M. Lyman	John M. Mills
Heber J. Grant	William D. Owen
Joseph M. Tanner	Seymour B. Young
George Teasdale	George D. Pyper
Hugh J. Cannon	Henry Peterson
Andrew Kimball	Anthony H. Lund
Horace S. Ensign,	General Secretary
George Reynolds,	Treasurer

GEORGE D. PYPER,	BUSINESS MANAGER
LORENZO SNOW,	EDITOR JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR
GEORGE REYNOLDS,	ASSISTANT EDITORS
J. M. TANNER,	

STAKE OFFICERS' MEETINGS.

STAKE superintendencies and their aids should meet together as often as circumstances may render desirable and the conditions of their respective stakes may permit, so that they may be of one mind in their instructions to the Sunday Schools and in their labors throughout the stake. Some stakes are so situated that it is necessary that the superintendent go to one school, his first assistant to another, and the second assistant to another, in order to get through the whole stake, or else they would not be able to visit all the Sunday Schools in a sufficiently brief period. They then come together and compare notes. In some stakes they are more favorably situated, so that all the superintendency can visit the schools together. When the conditions of the stakes are of such a nature that the members of the superintendency have to separate in their visits it may happen that contradictory instructions are given on some important point, because they had not previously come to a mutual understanding in regard to this particular matter. If this ever happens it destroys the confidence of the

people in their superintendency. The confidence which they create throughout the stake very largely depends upon their unity and mutual correct understanding of every point upon which they are giving instructions. This fact necessitates an occasional meeting of the stake superintendency.

The question arises—How often should that meeting be held? There is no rule possible which can be given which applies equally to all the stakes. There are no two stakes in Zion situated exactly alike. In some stakes it would be necessary that, at the least, a monthly meeting be held by the stake superintendency. We know stake superintendencies who consult together every week. We do not say that that should be done everywhere; circumstances would make it impossible in some instances. The superintendent and his assistants, the librarian, the treasurer, and the secretary should attend these meetings, and if the superintendency have any aids traveling around the stake in the Sunday School cause they should be called in also, so that they can receive instructions. Once in a while we discover that these aids have given contradictory instructions to that given by the Board of the Union and by the stake superintendency. This has caused some confusion and worry of mind among our faithful teachers and Sunday School workers. This difficulty can be avoided by the holding of frequent stake officers' meetings.

The conduct of these meetings differs somewhat from that of the regular ward officers' and teachers' meetings which are held once a month in nearly every Sunday School. The stake officers' meetings are conducted much more informally. There is no particular program necessary; but the main points that are talked over should be noted down that those who attend may refer to them. The superintendent may have points to present, his

associates the same, and any other officer present at that meeting can also bring forward points on which he needs instructions. There are many Sunday School teachers that love their work, but before whom questions will constantly arise on which they desire instructions. He is a very poor teacher who thinks he knows it all. The older the teacher gets in the Sunday School work the more devoted he becomes to his calling, and the more

questions will arise in his mind on which he would like to receive information and instructions. A teacher is only fit to teach as long as he is willing to learn.

Let the officers interested confer together on the times and places at which they should hold these meetings and be united in all the instructions that they give and the work of the Lord will prosper in their hands.



NOTES ON OUR ANNUAL STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES.

ST. GEORGE STAKE.

THE annual Sunday School conference of St. George Stake held May 18th and 19th, was attended by Elders Thos. C. Griggs and Levi W. Richards, representing the Deseret Sunday School Union Board.

They report that leaving Salt Lake City, Wednesday evening, May 15th, 1901, they arrived at 12:30 p. m. of the next day at Modena, (286 miles.) Alighting from the train a very distinct mirage was visible, the railway track apparently terminating in a large pool of water. Assistant Stake Superintendent Brigham Jarvis was on hand to convey the brethren in his "Spaulding" to St. George, sixty-five miles distant. One of his horses, a valuable thoroughbred, was sick, and fifteen minutes later died. Brother Jarvis though keenly feeling his loss, soon procured another horse. In the company of the recent, (not late, which term he objects to) superintendent of Sunday Schools of Millard Stake, Elder Joshua Greenwood, they commenced their journey. Reaching Mandsley's ranch after a drive of forty miles, crossing the now swift rushing Santa Clara en route,

they found pleasant company and good accommodations. The next day by noon, were in semi-tropical St. George, with its ripened strawberries, ready-to-use green peas, and blooming flowers and grape vines. The visiting brethren became the guests of Stake Sunday School Superintendent George E. Miles and wife, who in their ample home with its four acres of well kept vineyard and garden, made them comfortable and welcome. That evening a meeting was had with the stake superintendency and efficient secretary, Sister Alice M. Milne, wherein stake Sunday School affairs were discussed and a little unpreparedness for the coming conference developed. At this, and the subsequent meetings the visiting brethren were joined and assisted in their labors by Elder Wm. D. Owen of the General Board.

Saturday's Conference meetings, held in the large and substantially built and flower bedecked Tabernacle, were moderately attended. In the evening a meeting partaking of a social character was held, in which Elder Ed. H. Snow made some excellent remarks on the subject of «Thoroughness.»

On Sunday May 19th, the usual conference

meetings, and that of the officers and teachers following the morning meeting, were numerous attended, and during the progress of the conference remarks were made by Presidents D. D. McArthur and D. H. Cannon, likewise by Elders Joshua Greenwood, James G. Bleak, George Spillsbury, the stake Sunday School superintendency, the members of the Sunday School Board and others.

At the close of the conference Elders Griggs and Richards made a call upon Elder John Eardley, the veteran band master, who showed them some of his successful labors in developing water, here precious water, from the red sandstone bluffs forming the background of his homestead. St. George's best citizens are lamenting the establishment of a saloon, the first one opened there during the city's existence. Its cankerous and pestilent effects are already apparent, and the click of the balls of the pool table, the saloon's usual adjunct, is doleful music to the hearts of many loving parents who dread its powers of vicious entrancement for their loved offspring. Their official labors ended, the next day the visiting brethren enjoyed an appreciated invitation from Prest. D. H. Cannon to visit the St. George Temple, where in its hallowed precincts, two hours of genuine felicity were had. At 5:30 p. m., with kindly acknowledgement of the hospitality of Superintendent Miles, and that of his predecessor, Brother Richard Morris and others, Elders Griggs, Richards, and Greenwood with their experienced driver, Superintendent Jarvis, started on their homeward journey, and were soon climbing upward to the Mandsley ranch, not reached until 1:30 a. m. Modena by 3 p. m. and the train with a «by-the-day» gait started at 6:30 and Salt Lake City was made by 10 a. m. of Wednesday, May 22nd.



BANNOCK STAKE.

A VERY enjoyable time was spent at

Chesterfield, on Saturday and Sunday, June 8th and 9th, on the occasion of the stake Sunday School conference. All the meetings were well attended and an excellent and encouraging spirit prevailed. Stake Superintendent Nathan Barlow is a live officer who is working energetically in the Sunday School cause. As the stake covers so wide an area it has been decided to hold two Sunday School conferences each year, one in the north end and the other in the south. The usual program was closely followed. One class exercise was particularly noteworthy—that of the primary department of Chesterfield, taught by Sister Gertrude Call. She covered the whole ground of the lesson in an interesting and intelligent manner and did not occupy more than the allotted ten minutes. The representation from the little railroad settlement at Bancroft was also very creditable. Three new Sunday Schools have been organized since the stake was divided from the Oneida, of which it formerly formed a part, making at present fourteen schools, of whom more than two thirds were represented at these meetings. The visitors from the Union Board were Elders Reynolds and Mills, the latter delivered a Book of Mormon lecture on the Sunday evening after the conference to an appreciative audience.



BINGHAM STAKE.

ELDERS T. C. Griggs and John M. Mills, as representatives of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, attended the annual Sunday School conference of the Bingham Stake held at Shelley, Idaho, Saturday and Sunday, June 1st and 2nd, 1901. In the chilly morning air of June 1st they alighted from the train and were promptly met on the platform of the Shelley station by Assistant Superintendent Joseph Pritchard and courteously conducted by him to the ample home of Bishop John F. Shelley whose guests they became

during their stay. Breakfast having been eaten the Elders repaired to the large, wooden, ward hall, where teams, crowded with breeze-and-sun-bronzed-faced men, women and children were continually arriving. Conspicuous among the number were Stake Superintendent Charles S. Crabtree, his associates, Stake Chorister Wilson and various Sunday School superintendents. These, with some Bishops, were soon seated on the scenic furnished stage or platform, and promptly at ten a. m. the conference commenced. The musical numbers of the Sunday School program during the various sessions of the conference were rendered in their entirety with the support of an efficient organist. The failure of some of the classes to appear was a disappointment, and but eleven out of twenty-nine schools of the stake received the benefits of the conference, as the others were unrepresented. On Sunday, although it was cool and wet, the very favorable attendance of Saturday was increased, and the officers' and teachers' meeting held from noon to one p. m. was largely and patiently attended—it being fast-day. A pleasing feature of the Sunday afternoon's session was the presentation of a dialogue on the life and labors of President Brigham Young, by three children, members of the Eagle Rock Sunday School. In addition to the reports of the stake superintendency, several ward Sunday School superintendents, the visiting brethren and others, encouragement was given by the presence and remarks of Stake Counselor Robert L. Bybee.

On Saturday evening the local dramatic company gave, in an entertaining manner, the drama of "Nick of the Woods," and the farce of "The Yankee Peddler;" the worthy Bishop providing "the brethren from below" with reserved seats.

At the close of the conference Elders Griggs and Mills took train to Idaho Falls, where in the basement of the tidily kept ward meeting-house Elder J. M. Mills delivered to the conjoint Mutual Improvement Associa-

tion and the public a lecture on "The Writers of the Book of Mormon," etc.

The tedium of the weary wait for the midnight south-bound train, was lessened on the part of Elder Griggs, by the kind and thoughtful attentions of Elder Thomas Bennet; while Elder Mills enjoyed the hospitality of some friends not of the faith.



MALAD STAKE.

THE annual Sunday School conference for this stake was held at Portage, Saturday and Sunday, May 18th and 19th. It was attended by Elders J. M. Tanner and H. S. Ensign, of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board. The meeting house was probably half full during the first day. The exercises of Saturday were carried out according to program with the exception of one exercise. In the evening Elder Tanner gave a lecture on "Character Building," and addressed himself particularly to the young, whom he urged to be careful and patient in their youth in laying a foundation for future usefulness. The ideas and feelings with which young people look upon their future career are very likely to be the measure of their usefulness in years to come. The house was crowded during the evening and excellent attention prevailed.

During both sessions of Sunday the house was filled. Elder Ensign called the attention to the apparent lack of music in the Sunday School work of the stake. He emphasized the importance of securing a good music director for the work of stake Sunday School chorister. He expressed his surprise that in a community where there are as many Welsh as there are in Malad that more music leaders were not at hand and taking part in the Sunday School work. The conference throughout was spirited and the exercises showed careful preparation on the part of teachers and students. A good stake chorister seems to be the thing most desired in the Malad Stake Sunday Schools, and it is to be hoped that

within the coming year a great improvement will be made in the matter of choir leaders, both for the ward Sunday Schools and for the stake.



JORDAN STAKE.

THE annual Sunday School conference of the Jordan Stake convened on Saturday and Sunday, May 25th and 26th, in the Sandy Ward meeting house.

At 9 a. m. Saturday First Assistant General Superintendent George Reynolds and Elder James W. Ure, of the Union Board, met with the Stake Sunday School officers and a few of the local Sunday School teachers.

At 10 a. m. the conference was called to order by Assistant Stake Superintendent J. J. Williams, Jr. After singing by the choir and conference, prayer was offered by Elder James Jensen, of the stake presidency. Nine schools answered to roll call.

Class exercises were rendered by classes from the following schools: South Jordan, subject, «The Authenticity of the Book of Mormon;» Draper, «The Life of Abraham;» Sandy infant class, and West Jordan primary class; the «Ten Commandments;» and the «Articles of Faith» were recited in concert by the conference. Elders Reynolds and Ure occupied a portion of the time, giving instructions and encouragement to the schools, and urging the superintendents and teachers to use every means at their command to increase the attendance in their schools.

Sunday, at 10 a. m., the meeting house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The presidency of the stake were present, as also a large number of Bishops of wards. After singing, prayer was offered by President O. P. Miller. All of the fourteen schools of the stake were represented. The sacrament was administered by the Bishopric of the Sandy Ward. Instructions were given in regard to the partaking of the sacrament by Counselor Goff.

Stake Superintendent James Blake reported

the Sunday Schools of the stake as being in good condition. The concert recitation of the «Testimony of the Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon» was most excellent.

At the close of the forenoon meeting a very interesting meeting of the officers and teachers was held. All the schools of the Stake were represented.

In the afternoon the general Church and stake authorities, as also the general Sunday School and stake Sunday School officers were presented and sustained. President Miller and Elders John M. Mills and James W. Ure, of the General Board, addressed the conference, admonishing the Saints to sustain the Sunday Schools with their presence and influence. Some good vocal music was rendered by members of the choir and others.



WOODRUFF STAKE.

IF it is true that Sunday School stake conferences show the condition and progress of the Sunday Schools, then we must conclude that the schools of Woodruff Stake have advanced a step during the past year. Their conference was held on Saturday and Sunday, May 25th and 26th, and was largely attended. Elders George D. Pyper and Henry Peterson were present as representatives of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, and the first-named spoke, and also sang a number of songs at each meeting, and Elder Peterson gave instructions on the lines suggested by the Union Board. Superintendent George A. Peart and Assistants David Jackson and R. S. McKinnon did all in their power to carry out the program as suggested by the Board, and every number was promptly given. There were no failures. President Baxter was in the Big Horn Country assisting in organizing a new stake, but Counselor McKinnon gave the conference the benefit of his presence and advice. Some of the officers traveled eighty miles by wagon to attend the meetings. Remarks of an encouraging nature

were made by Bishops Brown, McKinnon, Kennedy and Gray. All the reports were satisfactory. A feature of the conference was the united feeling of the Sunday School workers and the splendid spirit of the people, one of the speakers remarking that there "did not seem to be one discordant spirit there to spoil the harmony of the occasion." God bless the Sunday School workers of Woodruff Stake.



SUNDAY SCHOOL NOTES.

ELDER B. D. Jensen, secretary of the Sunday Schools of the Bannock Stake, having resigned that position, Elder Leonidas S. Mecham has been appointed his successor.

The name of the East Lund Sunday School of the Bannock Stake has been changed to Center.

Superintendent Henry Larsen of the Cleveland (Bannock Stake) Sunday School having been appointed counselor to the Bishop, Elder James R. Rawson has succeeded him in the superintendency of the school.

A branch of the Lund Ward was organized May 19th, at Turner, and a Sunday School opened. Elder Joseph Green, the president of the new branch, will act pro tem. as the superintendent of the Sunday School.

The Sunday School officers of the new Stake of Zion, organized in the Big Horn country, Wyoming, are: S. H. Wilcox, stake superintendent; Wilder T. Hatch, first assistant, and Walter W. Graham, second assistant stake superintendents, and Vasco Call, stake secretary. Their address is Cowley, Big Horn Co., Wyoming.

The Uintah Stake annual Sunday School conference will be held at Vernal, Saturday and Sunday, August 24th and 25th. It is expected that Assistant General Superintendent Tanner will be present.

On account of other duties Elders Marcus

A. Funk and John A. Smith have been released from the positions of stake assistant superintendents of Sunday Schools in the San Luis Stake of Zion, and Elders William C. Christensen and Martin Christensen, Jr., have been appointed in their stead. Elder Funk has been ordained Bishop of Sanford.

Should there be any errors in the published lists of amounts received on account of the purchase of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, we trust that the brethren interested will immediately draw the attention of the General Treasurer thereto.

On Sunday, June 9th, a stake was organized in Oregon, to which the name of the Union Stake of Zion was given. Elder J. M. Grant Geddes, of Baker City, was appointed stake superintendent of Sunday Schools and Elder F. C. Bramwell first assistant superintendent.

In a letter, dated Liverpool, May 30th, President Francis M. Lyman, of the European mission, writes: "I learned from the JUVENILE of the re-organization of the general superintendency of the Sunday Schools. I quite approve of what was done, it suits me exactly. My heart shall beat as warmly in this mission as at home for the welfare of the Sunday School cause. I hope we will be able to send you something from our Sunday Schools in this land that will interest the Sunday School workers at home."



The human heart can know no greater trial
Than comes with this confession,
That the continued sorrow of denial
Was better than possession.

—Selected.



Oh, ask not thou, How shall I bear
The burden of tomorrow?
Sufficient for the day its care,
Its evil and its sorrow.
God imparteth by the way
Strength sufficient for the day.

—Selected.

THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

ON May first we reached Caban, the metropolis of northern Guatemala.

All day the rain fell upon us, but we were encouraged by the assurance that the storm was an exceptional one and not the precursive of the rainy season. We were told that a change of the moon would bring fair weather and such proved to be the case. Caban's point of interest is the market place, which was different from any that we had hitherto visited. It was more like an Indian trading post than anything that we had seen. The women knew but little if any Spanish and there prevailed a system of exchange, of barter, that we could not comprehend. Food, clothing, and wares were as new to us as was the language. A remarkable feature was the head attire of the women, the origin of the so-called «water-fall.» The hair was braided with many-colored ribbons for a few inches down the back and was then encased in a great sack that hung to the waist. There was the usual amount of small coin jewelry, and this makes change very scarce among the merchants, as when an Indian gets hold of a piece of silver or a nickel a hole is punched in it and it immediately forms a portion of necklace, ear-ring or bracelet.

Here the oft-repeated warning was given that it was impossible for us to proceed farther and that we had better give up the trip. Somehow these people do not seem to understand Yankee persistence. At four o'clock we laid in provisions for a day or two and started out for the unknown. After traveling for about a league through a fertile country we made our night camp and complimented ourselves on the good prospects. Thursday we had a day of mountain climbing. All the morning we met many Indians but they could not understand our wants. Indeed they seemed afraid of us and would often conceal themselves in the bushes. At noon we reached a little store, kept by a genial daughter of Castile. She sold us bananas at

the rate of eleven for half a cent American money and luscious pineapples for a cent each. If we had possessed the means of transportation we would have loaded ourselves with fruit.

Late in the afternoon we traveled through a coffee finca, the last on our road. Brother Van Buren went to the house to procure some tortillas and returned with the administrador who kindly brought us a roast chicken, apologizing that he had no more to offer. He tendered us the use of the *casa grande* for the night, with free pasturage for



A CENTRAL AMERICAN FARM.

the animals, and we were not loath to accept the hospitality of «Monte Blanco.» Our cots were put up in the great hall and then we went out and enjoyed the cool of the day on the cemented coffee-floor, where, each year, 400 tons of the berry are dried for the market. The view toward the north and east was magnificent, a view of the country through which we were to travel. Mountain ranges seemed piled up, one after the other, and between were the jungles, with their dense, dark vegetation.

Monte Blanco was so delightful a spot that we were late in departing on Friday morning, and leaving with it all the comforts of civilization. Our kind host brought us fifty tortillas for breakfast, remarking that we would need them all before we reached Chisec, the next place where we could obtain food and which we might possibly make by Saturday night. Our noon camp was made at Cubilguitz where we bought a supply of corn for our animals. Leaving this place we came to the deep Dolores River. An Indian with dug-out, narrow and long was on the further shore. He offered to transport us for four reals a pack but finally came down to fifty cents for the entire outfit. The animals swam the stream without difficulty. As the sun was low we came to a bridge across a stagnant slough. It was apparently strong and our largest mule stepped on it without any precaution, but the rotten structure gave way with his weight and he lay helpless in the mire, his feet caught in the

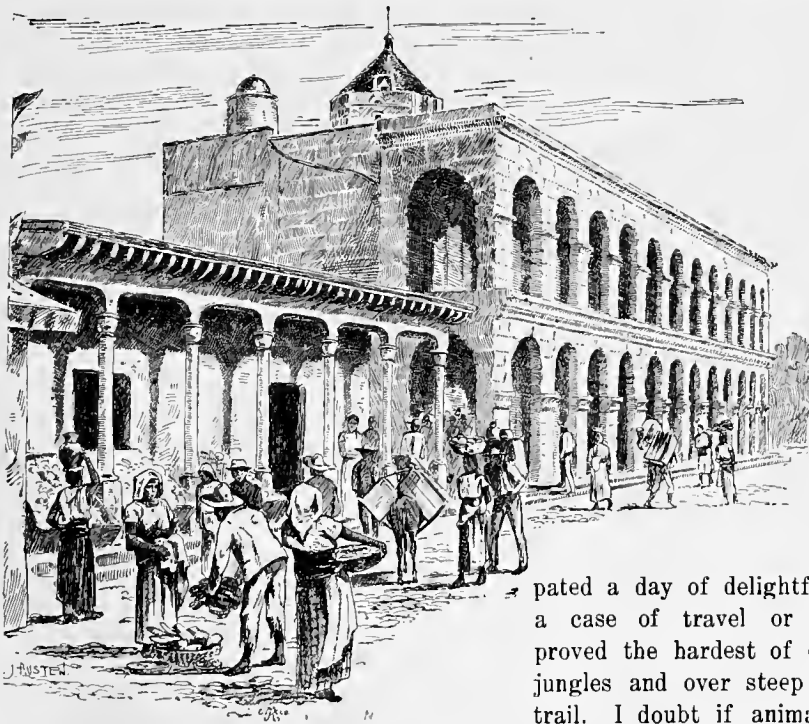
logs. At first it seemed that his legs must be broken, but an hour's work extricated him, the only damage being a soaked pack. Then we had to unpack everything, carry the cargoes over and pontoon the animals through the mud. By this time it was dark and we hurriedly put up our tents in the jungle, ate some tortillas and retired. The filthy water was all that we had to drink, and it was unpalatable even after boiling.

Before we had gone half a mile, on the following morning, we met with another broken bridge, and five times during the day did we have to unpack on this account and carry our heavy burdens and assist the animals. Our clothes were saturated and in the dense jungles where the sunlight never penetrates and the very air is reeking with poisonous vapors, our condition was far from enviable. To add to our misery the supply of food was exhausted, and we had no fresh water. It was a wretched camp that night. There was no opportunity to change our

clothing, under-foot were poisonous reptiles and the air was full of tormenting insects. We retired but not to sleep, for the moisture commenced to drip from our tents, our bedding soon became wringing wet and we all had a touch of fever.

Sunday was general fast day. We had anticipated

a day of delightful rest, but it was a case of travel or starve. The day proved the hardest of our trip. Through jungles and over steep mountains lay our trail. I doubt if animals with packs had ever made the journey before. In many



A CENTRAL AMERICAN MARKET PLACE.

places they had to be literally carried. If it had not been for Brother Van Buren's strength and unselfish exertions we never would have got through. Brother Adams was far from well and I was almost helpless. At three o'clock in the afternoon, I left the party and came on to try to procure food. Just at sundown I came to a stream of running water, the first since Friday, and never was drink more delicious than the one I had there.

Dark came on, but to stop was out of the question. It was a matter of life and death with us. Fortunately the trail became more level and plain, and at 9 o'clock I reached Chisec where there are two Spanish speaking families. Here I obtained a supper of dried fish, and as I had not eaten since the previous morning the food was appreciated. For a change I slept in a hammock, but varied the experience of the night before by shaking with chills.

The first thing on Monday morning was to send back food to my companions by an Indian carrier, then to investigate Chisec. Although the village has an adult population of only seven persons, white people I mean, it occupies an important place on the map. It is a telegraph post on the government line and a stopping place for Indian couriers to the north. Travel to Peten is entirely by water, via either Belize or Chiapas. One of the first sights to arouse my curiosity was that of a gang of Indian line repairers going out to work in charge of a female corporal who carried her machete with the valor of a full-fledged suffragist.

The telegraph operator at Chisec is a man of great importance. He supervises the couriers, represents the national government, acts as secretary for the three nearest Indian alcaldes, and writes letters for the Indians, charging one dollar for a short epistle and two dollars for a long one. In every sense he is a man of affairs, though I have reason to believe that he dislikes his post of duty.

Food is difficult to obtain. Corn is brought in on the backs of Indians and costs \$10 per quintal. Wild hogs and monkeys are the only meat. We live well on green bananas which, when boiled and fried, form an excellent article of diet.

The boys arrived at Chisec at five o'clock on Monday afternoon. It had taken four days to accomplish a journey of less than twenty miles. We were glad that it was over, and devoutly thankful to our Heavenly Father for His protecting care during the dangers of the trip. And now a change becomes necessary in our plans. The road we have come over is good, so the Indians say, compared with that which lies ahead. I can learn of no white man that has ever traveled it. So Brothers Van Buren and Adams will return to the more healthful region about Caban and collect there, while I take an Indian guide and try to make my way about 150 miles further to the ruins of the northern Peten.

W. M. W.

CHISEC, GUATEMALA.

May 7, 1901.



THE ECONOMIC ASPECT OF LUXURY.

By Prof. J. H. Paul, President of the Latter-day Saints' University.

IV.—THE BROKEN PANE.

THE argument already stated may be further enforced by an illustration from Bastiat, a versatile French writer.

This economist tells a capital story of how an honest tradesman's son breaks by his carelessness a pane of glass, and while the tradesman proceeds to censure his scape-

goat son for the act, the bystanders, though there should be fifty of them, proceed at once to offer him this sort of consolation. "Don't you see," they ask, "that if panes of glass were not broken the glazier could not live? Your loss will be his gain. You should be content to let the glazier, as well as yourself, earn a living." The glazier arrives, puts in the pane of glass, pockets a dollar in payment for his services, and goes off smiling. "Trade has been made good for the glazier, and a dollar has been put into circulation," is the usual piece of moralizing we hear on such occasions. But was there any real danger that the money would not have circulated had not the pane of glass been broken? Do you think the tradesman would have buried that dollar he had in his pocket, and thus taken it out of circulation, had not the broken pane compelled him to circulate it? Was there nothing else he could or would have bought with it? Did not his children lack shoes? Was not his wife's dress somewhat thread-bare? Was not his larder but poorly stocked, and the roof of his house in a leaky condition? Yes, all these things were true; yet you thought the man might never have a chance to spend and circulate that dollar but for the circumstance which you think so fortunate to society, that his window was broken. He would have spent the money just the same, and would have received it. It would have gone to the shoemaker or the tailor or the carpenter, if it had not gone to the glazier. Society would have been benefited precisely the same amount by the circulation of that dollar if the window pane had not been broken. The only difference would have been that the tradesman would have had the pane of glass he now has, and he would have had in addition whatever else he bought with the dollar. It follows from this that society as a whole gains nothing by the destruction of the pane of glass, while the owner is exactly one dollar poorer from the breakage. One dollar's worth of wealth has therefore disappeared. Nobody really re-

ceived it. The wealth of the world was reduced to the amount of the exact cost of the window pane.

This is true of all breakage, of all waste, of all unnecessary expenditure. The loss may be hidden, but it is none the less real on that account. Such a loss is not a gain and never can be a gain to society at large.

We see, then, that luxury hinders the accumulation of wealth. Suppose that a rich banker devotes \$50,000 a year in dinners, balls and entertainments of every kind, and his example induces others to do the same. The effect is that the money is spent, labor is performed, and a good many persons are employed; but there is nothing to show for it except the stings of wounded pride and the discomforts of an uneasy digestion. All else has been lost by this proceeding. Suppose he now determines to forego these pleasures and lets his \$50,000 a year lie in the bank and draw interest. Then, since the bank must also make a profit on this money, it is lent out. One man who borrows it, improves, plants, and drains a piece of property he had long neglected. Another builds or enlarges a factory. A third takes some railway shares and thus indirectly lays down some yards of railroad. Thus the money is spent and furnishes labor as before, and the country is enriched by improved farms, manufactures, and railroads. Next year the workmen will have still more to do. Their employers can go on employing them in increasing numbers from year to year.

But, it is asked, does not spending freely cause the money to circulate? Yes; and so does the gambling table. The mere circulation is of no benefit without production; though there seems to be a wide-spread superstition that the mere transfer of money from one to another without increase of real values, enriches the community.

It is commonly supposed that we help the working men simply by purchasing goods in order to wear out or consume them. The supposed advantage to the laborer has been

greatly exaggerated. For the goods we buy have already been made, and have already given all the employment to labor they are capable of giving. It is true that the manufacturer with the money he thus receives may proceed to make more goods and thus give more employment to labor. But the money would not have been idle had we kept, instead of spending it. We should certainly have spent it on something—in improving our farms, or on something of that nature; or, we should have put the money into a bank, and then some one else would have been using it. In any case, the money would have given employment to labor. If we spend the money for what does not yield an equivalent of value in return, we give no more employment than if we invest or deposit the money; while in the latter case, we retain the value of our money and draw interest or realize profits from it. If we spend the money to gratify our own personal wants, we employ labor with the money only once; if we invest the money with ordinary success the money will employ labor forever, and that, too, without making us any poorer.

The question is not, "Shall the money be spent?" but is, "Who shall spend it?" If you buy fine clothes and other luxuries with your money, you do the spending and consuming. If you invest that money in any kind

of productive industry, the poor will receive wages out of your investment; and they will do the spending and consuming, while your capital will remain intact and your interest or profits will be added to it. If you wear the fine clothes, the poor will go without clothing. If you consume the costly viands, the poor will go hungry. The man who saves or invests his money, feeds and clothes the poor. The man who spends his money on himself, need not flatter himself that he is doing the poor a great service thereby. Every dollar idly or wrongly spent has robbed some widow's children of their food; every waste and dissipation of capital has stopped some of the wheels of industry and has stunted the laborer, the mechanic, or the artisan, of his accustomed wages.

Herein lies the responsibility of the rich. Every dollar they extravagantly lavish upon themselves, would have been received as wages and spent by the laboring poor, had they saved or invested instead of spending it.

The man who has self-denial enough to save, instead of the weakness to spend, is after all, though he may not intend it, one of the greatest of benefactors of our race. Saving creates capital and capital employs labor. If all work should cease at once among us, distress, hunger and ruin would be the immediate consequence.





FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

A TRIP TO ALBERTA, CANADA.

Some of the Indians.—A Little Boy's Birthday.

HAVING come to visit our Primary Associations in Canada, I write to the dear children from this place, Cardston. I shall not tell you much about the little ones, and our visits to the Primaries now, but will write of this country and some other things.

The same chain of Rocky Mountains which ranges through Utah and Idaho, continues on through Montana and into Canada. Many of you have likely learned this from your geographies, but as I have had the privilege of traveling up here and seeing the country for myself, I will tell you of some things I have noticed.

The mountains are not near to the settlements of our people here in Alberta, as they are in Utah. At the division line between the United States and Canada, which we cross over in coming here, there is a great, square-topped peak of the mountain, which stands out bold and distinct from everything else; it can be seen from almost every portion of the country for many miles, and is known as the «Big Chief.» When the clouds break away, in times of storm, so that the «Big Chief» can be seen, the people think fine weather will probably prevail for a while.

The other day we went from Cardston to Leavitt, eight miles, to hold Relief Society and Primary meetings with the sisters and children of the last-named settlement. It was a bright, sunny day. Our way was mostly up and down hills, no very steep ones.

The country is very beautiful in its wide expanse of grass-covered hills and nooks. We passed several ranches where people are living on land to secure it. We also drove along by an Indian reservation which is fenced away from the white man's possessions.

The tribe of Indians which is situated nearest here is known as the Blood Indians; the Peigans and Crees, farther away, are mixed in with the Bloods to some extent. They work and have teams of their own, and dress quite well. Very interesting stories are told of some of them.

One fine, noble-looking Indian is called Panther-bone. He would have been a great chief but for unfair measures taken by some of his tribe after the death of his father, which occurred when he was a child. That father was the great chief of the whole nation, and Panther-bone should have been installed in his father's place, but the chieftainship was usurped while he was a little boy. This usurpation was done by the uncle of Panther-bone, who by some means got all the emblems and tokens which would have established the boy's claims, away from his mother and buried them in the earth. The Indian tradition would not permit of those things being taken again out of the earth; so the uncle had everything in his own hands, and Panther-bone's rights could never be restored to him. He has had to remain simply a little chief instead of a great one. But he has the appearance of a truly good and great man, notwithstanding these seeming misfortunes.

These people, many of them at least, in one particular, hold to the ancient patriarchal order of marriage which the Bible teaches. The men marry several wives apiece. Panther-bone has three wives, all sisters. The eldest of the three, a while ago buried her little baby. Seeing the grief of the bereaved mother, one of the younger wives brought her dear, precious baby and gave it to her sorrowing sister to be her very own. Explaining, when asked, how she could bear to give her baby to her sister in that way, the younger woman said she was young, and could have other children, but her sister was too old to have any more. Such unselfishness as was shown by that noble young mother is admirable, wherever it appears.

A great «medicine man,» (physician,) named Charcoal, had two wives. One of them proved unfaithful to her marriage vows, and Charcoal shot her seducer dead and then fled to the mountains where he secreted himself from the policemen, both white and red, about sixty of whom were for a long time in pursuit of him.

So enraged was Charcoal when he discovered the wrong which had been done him, that after killing the wicked Indian who had caused the downfall of his wife and the breaking up of his family, he tried to kill the Indian agent, shooting at him through a window as he fled. The agent was only wounded, but that act of Charcoal was a criminal offense, besides his having killed the Indian who had done him so great an injury. The most interesting part of Charcoal's story is the wonderful bravery which he showed in returning to the camp of his people and securing and taking off to the mountains the wife who was true to him and his little papooses.

This he did in the very time the officers were hotly pursuing him, and when guards were stationed to carefully watch his family.

But after awhile the officers found out his hiding place, and a great, brave policeman, Sergeant Wild, rode close up to him to arrest him. Charcoal seized the officer's gun and shot with it, killing Wild at once. He then jumped onto the officer's horse and escaped, taking the gun, but was obliged to leave his wife and papooses, who were taken by the officers back to their people.

Later on, a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars was offered for the capture of Charcoal. And the poor, wronged, though revengeful «Medicine man» was trapped and betrayed by his own brother, and that too by deception.

The brother sent word to Charcoal to come to his own tent and get his wife and children. Charcoal trusted his brother, and went to the tent, not suspecting treachery. But his brother was in readiness to hand him over to the officers, who took him prisoner at once, and the great «Medicine Man» was hung according to the law of the land for all murderers. The treacherous brother received the promised reward.

The present chief of the Bloods is Running Wolf. But when President C. O. Card came to this place fourteen years ago, with a small company of our people, the chief was an old Indian called Red Crow. He visited Brother Card with some of his Indian braves. They had to converse by means of an interpreter.

Red Crow told the white stranger that he with his company was trespassing upon the rights of the Indians. That all the grass and all the wood and coal and everything in the country here belonged to the red men, and

the white people were not to touch any of these things.

Brother Card answered the old chief mildly but fearlessly, telling him that he had carefully looked up the stakes which divided off the Indians' country from the land which belonged to the good Queen over the big water. And that he, with his white brethren had bought the land they were on of the good Queen and had come to stay on it and be neighbors to the Indians. That the white people would take nothing which belonged to the Indians, and the Indians could have nothing that belonged to their white neighbors. Then Red Crow answered "All right!" And he and his braves shook hands with President Card and his brethren. Red Crow was blind when he died. But although another Indian has taken his place, that verbal treaty between President Card and Red Crow is always carefully respected by their people on both sides.

I will finish this with a little birthday poem which explains itself; and which may be adapted to any dear little boy when ten years old.

TO ORSON REGA CARD.

Half a man, beloved boy,
Ten years old this glorious morning!
Be your future crowned with joy,
Truth and love your life adorning.

Stand among the wise and great,
'Mid the world's regeneration;
Help to form the laws of state,
To redeem the tottering nation.

Move among the good and pure,
Brave to vanquish doubt and error;
With the righteous dwell secure,
Free from faithless gloom and terror.

Blessed Rega, strong to win,
Ne'er to shrink 'neath tyrant's fetter;
For your having lived therein,
Be the whole world brighter, better.

Louisa L. Greene Richards.

Sunday, June 9, 1901.

TO THE LETTER-BOX.

You Had Better Subscribe.

SALT LAKE CITY.

We do not take the JUVENILE, but I have read some of the nice little letters in one belonging to my friend. I go to Sunday School, but we do not have Primary out here. I believe the Lord hears our prayers and that He will answer them if we are faithful. So let us all say our prayers night and morning. Once my mama was paralyzed in the left half of her body, so that she could not move. We called for the Elders, who came and administered to her, and the next day she was well. I am ten years old.

ETHEL LUNDSTEDT.

[Ethel, please write again, and tell us where in Salt Lake City there is no Primary. L. L. G. R.]

Missionary, Sunday School and Primary Work.

ERDA, TOOELE CO., UTAH.

We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR this year and like it very much. Our brother is on a mission to New Zealand, he has been gone six months. My Sunday School teacher is Sister Edith Woods. My papa is a Sunday School teacher. Every fast day we can bear our testimonies in our classes. Our Primary president is Sister Lottie Woods. We have only about three blocks to go to Sunday School and Primary. They are held in the

schoolhouse now, but we are getting a meeting house built.

LIBBIE BATES.

Where Jessie and Julia are.

I want to write to all my little friends in Dixie, so that they will know where I am. I live away up here in Preston, Idaho, with my aunt Edith. We live on a farm. My little sister Julia and I do all we can to help aunt Edith. We tend our little cousin Shannie. Sometimes we take the cows to the pasture, then we can see the Bear River. We have some pretty Angora rabbits and some Belgian hares on the farm. We send our love to you all. I will close my letter now.

JESSIE PACE.

Might Have Been a Serious Accident.

GARLAND, UTAH.

I know the Gospel is true, for I have had my prayers answered many times. I am ten years old. My two sisters, two brothers and myself attend Sunday School and Primary very regularly. One Sunday we were going from meeting to the Bishop's in a buggy and there was quite a load of us. My sisters and I were standing up between the seats. In turning the corner of a fence my smallest sister fell out and the buggy ran over her. Papa jumped out and picked her up. We took her to the Bishop's, and papa and the Bishop administered to her, and the next day she could play.

LUCY KING.

Never Forget to Pray.

NOUNAN, IDAHO.

We love to hear our mama read the Letter-box. Little brother is six years old

and I am eight. We live about one mile and a half from the school house. We go to school on our pony. I would like to encourage all the little boys and girls never to forget their prayers. I know that the Lord will hear and answer our prayers. I have had my prayers answered many times.

Your new friends,

LAURA B. BARTSCH.

CHARLIE W. BARTSCH.

Father and Mother Both Sick.

ROBINSON, JUAB CO., UTAH.

I take pleasure in writing a little letter. Mama has been taking the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR about three years, and I like to read the little letters. I am twelve years old. My mama and papa are both sick in bed. My mama is the second counselor in our Primary. I have two brothers and two sisters. We go to Sunday School and Primary.

Yours truly,

THOMAS HOUSEHOLDER.

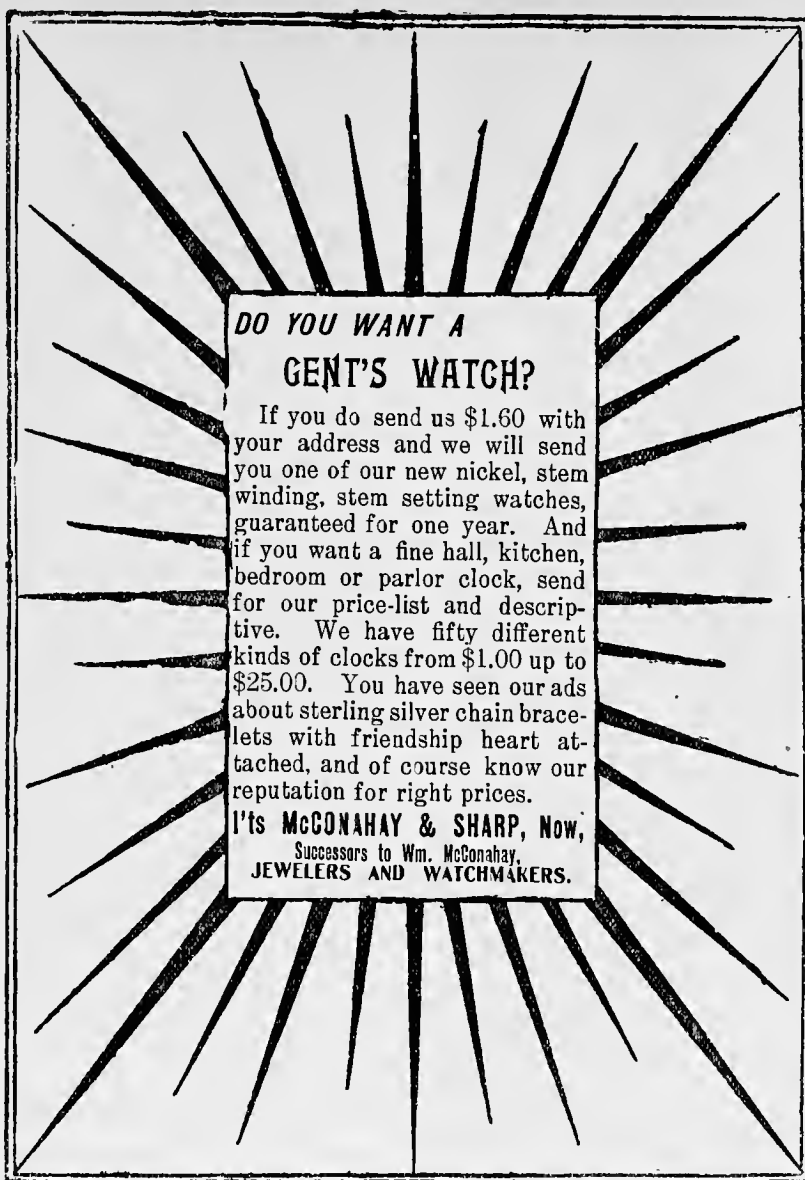
Baptized on His Eighth Birthday.

GRANTSVILLE, TOOELE CO., UTAH.

I have read the little letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and thought I would like to try to write one. I have seven brothers and two sisters. My youngest brother was eight years old on the 20th of last March, and he was baptized that day. My father is the postmaster here. Grantsville is a nice little country town, and in spring the trees are covered with blossoms and very beautiful. I am twelve years old.

Your new friend,

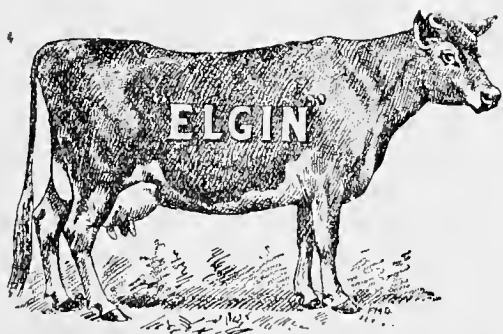
LUCILLE CLARK.



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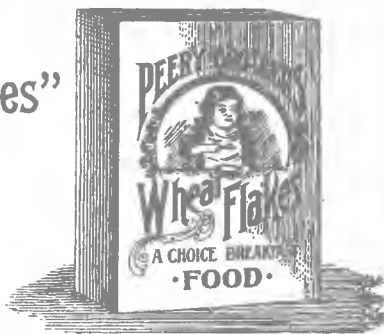
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